

Toward my Seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better
(*Cornets. a great cry and noice within crying a Palamon.*)
I am not there, oh better never borne
Then minister to such harme, what is the chance?

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Crie's a *Palamon.*

Emil. Then he has won: 'Twas ever likely,
He look'd all grace and successe, and he is
Doubtlesse the prim't of men: I pre'thee run
And tell me how it goes.

Shows, and Cornets: Crying a Palamon.

Ser. Still *Palamon.*

Emil. Run and enquire, poore Servant thou hast lost,
Vpon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon on the left, why so, I know not,
I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.

Another cry, and shows within, and Cornets.
On the sinister side, the heart lyes; *Palamon*
Had the best boding chance: This burst of clamour
Is sure th'end o'th Combat. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. They saide that *Palamon* had *Arcites* body
Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry
Was generall a *Palamon*: But anon,
Th' Assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphis'd
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman
Worth to compo'd a Man: their single share,
Their noblenes peculier to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity values shortnes

Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.
To any Lady breathing — More exulting?
Palamon still?

Ser. Nay, now the sound is *Arcite.*

Emil. I pre'thee lay attention to the Cry.

Cornets.

Cornets. a great shout and cry, Arcite, victory.
Set both thine eares to'th busines.

Ser. The cry is
Arcite, and victory, harke *Arcite*, victory,
The Combats consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind Instruments.

Emil. Halfe fights saw
That *Arcite* was no babe: god's lyd, his richnes
And costlines of spirit look't through him, it could
No more be hid in him, then fire in flax;
Then humble banekes can goe to law with waters,
That drift windes, force to raging: I did thinke
Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I knew not
Why I did thinke so; Our reasons are not prophets
When oft our fancies are: They are coming off:
Alas poore *Palamon.* *Cornets.*

*Enter Thebes, Hipolita, Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and
attendants, &c.*

Thef. Lo, where our Sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unsettled: Fairest *Emily*,
The gods by their divine arbitrament
Have given you this Knight, he is a good one
Asever strooke at head: Give me your hands;
Receive you her, you him, be plighted with
A love that growes, as you decay;

Arcite. Emily,
To buy you, I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheapely,
As I doe rate your value.

Thef. O loved Sister,
He speakes now of as brave a Knight as ere
Did spur a noble Steed: Surely the gods
Would have him die a Batchelour, least his race
Should shew i'th world too godlike: His behaviour
So charmd me, that me thought *Alcides* was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to'th all; I have spoke, your *Arcite*
Did not loose by't; For he that was thus good

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